Fourth of the Series of Sunday Times Stories BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Adventure of The Stone God

WONDER what would have been Donald Jordan's fate if Howard Barnes, our city editor, had not noticed an inconspicuous item in an shange? I wonder what would have an the end of Dorothy McRay's love say if James Barton, reporter, had lied to make good on the seemingly uple, but really very difficult, assignment.

ment?

Before I tell you the strange story of "The Stone God," I want to explain a newspaper custom that is everywhere prevalent.

Each morning the city editor of every newspaper goes over dozens of exchanges leoking for suggestions. He blue-pencils those which seem to him to offer promise of a story and bases assignments on them.

them.
To me the story I am going to tell you seems to be the love tale of Dorothy McRay. Jimmy calls it the "Vengeance of Buddha"—and the city editor headed his story "British army officer meets violent death.

It depends on whether you think love or, mystery or the passion for revenge the greatest element in the strange tale which began when this letter was brought to me at the close of my day's work.

of my day's wors.

Dear Miss Fairfax:
My father has quarreled with the man
I love. Would it be right to elope?

Could you come and talk with me?

DOROTHY McRAY,

220 Pelhain road,

New York City.

This letter came in at the psychological moment when it was bound to claim attention.

Jabel, Rajo of Calcutta, was not giving interviews.

"I stood at that desk and did some heavy thinking. If this chap didn't want to give interviews all the more reason J. Barton wanted to interview him. While I was thinking up a way Dame Fate played into: by hands. Along comes a straight-haired, dark complexioned boy who had the map of East India all over his Broadway clothes.

clothes.

"He got by when I couldn't, for after his majesty Ali Jaibel got word over the phone of his last visitor Mister Clerk rings a bell and a page comes along to escart this East Indian chap up to Ali's apartment.

"Need I tell you that little Jimmy trails right along and peeks around a corner of the corridor when the page takes the honored guest to the door of apartment No. 33?

"That East Indian plays right into

over the phone of his last visitor Mister Clerk rings a bell and a page comes along to escart this East Indian chap up to All's apartment.

"Need I tell you that little Jimmy trails right along and peeks around a corner of the corridor when the page takes the honored guest to the door of apartment No. 33?

"That East Indian plays right into my hands like a bush leaguer. What did he do but forget to tip the boy's what does Jimmy do but hand the boy a dollar bill! What does the boy do but lead Jimmy as per request, straight into apartment 34, which was considerate enough to be next door and campty?

"Now, Miss Beatrice, I ask you to picture friend Jimmy standing on a little table and peeping through a big transom. I know you don't approve of eavesdropping, but until you revolutionize the whole newspaper game I guess big stories will continue to be—'overheard.'

"Pretty soon in comes a chap I take to be our friend Ali, all dressed up in the robes I know go with the priests of Buddha. The stranger makes a deep salaam and Ali graciously bids him rise. the robes I know go with the priests of Buddha. The stranger makes a deep salaam and Ali graciously bids him rise. Then the priest asks a question and the caller replies.

my story seems to interest you, and the girl stared at me with that next chapter? * * Well, we left Jimmy on the table peering through the transom. The stranger I had followed to All's apartment talked a good deal louder than the priest, so I got what he said. The next bit of repartee which came my way was: Each night he takes it from the vault and looks at it. With my eyes I have seen it. "Miss Fairfax. I had a sudden feeling that whatever 'II' was I wanted to see it, too. There's something mysterious and magical sounding about those East Indian chaps that just to help you." "The maid can take care of her now, miss Beatrice—I think you'll be most help if you come along with me," said Jimmy. The girl opened her eyes suddenly and studied me. Suddenly the flood-othy McRay felt that she must tell with the most help of the property of the me of a new necessity opened. Dorothy McRay felt that she must tell on the price of the me of the property of

NEW WORK FOR HUMANITY

Dear Readers of The Washington Times:

At the suggestion of a wise man I have begun a new kind of work. For years I have written "Advice to the Lovelorn" for the newspapers. I have answered questions of men and women concerning the affairs of their hearts.

Now I am going to do something more exciting than that. With the help of Miss Grace Darling I am going to take some of the most important episodes that come to me through the letters from the millions of readers of "Advice to the Lovelorn," make stories of them for The Washington Times, and Miss Darling and Basil Dickey will turn them into scenarios for

They will be produced as stories in The Times every Sunday, and during the week following the motion pictures will show the acting of the story.

It is so exciting to think of having your thoughts changed into actual moving human beings appearing before the public

In my work in collaboration with Miss Darling in the motion pictures I shall try to give good advice, working as always with my one great motto, "Love makes the world go round." BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Above the body stood an erect, good-

Above the body stood an erect, good-looking chap in whose hand was a blood-stained knife. A maid stood shrinking back against a table screaming at inter-vals with an almost automatic effort. The officer seized the man who held the knife, and silenced him when he made an effort to speak

A Terrible Scene.

Then he turned to another girl who

vive her mistress.

Jimmy stood back in the shadows

Jimmy stood back in the shadows

the the priest asks a question and the caller replies.

"I was not quite positive of what I heard—but now it connects up. It was '220 Pelham Road.' Does that interest you, Miss Fairfax."

I looked at Dorothy McRay's letter lying on the table between us. 220 Pelham road seemed suddenly fraught with mystery and strange portent.

"My story seems to interest you," said jimmy, smilingly. "Want to hear the next chapter? " " Well, we left Jimmy on the table peering through the transom. The stranger I had followed to All's apartment talked a good deal leader than the priest see I want to answer to your letter. I want to

They Plan to Elope.

Don begged me to elope with him, and I decided to do it this very evening— while my courage held out. I had my suitcase all packed and the night lock suitcase all packed and the night lock on the door thrown off, so Don could come in and get me."
"So, that's how he happended to be in the house tonight. He came for you—not to harm your father," said Jimmy. It was a foriorn enough hope we were pursuing—this theory that the empty house into which the Indian had vanished that afternoon was a meeting place for some of his sect! We were acting on the belief that the half-heard address he whispered to the prince had, indeed been No. 220 Pelham road.

And above all there was the wildly indeed been No. 220 Pelham road.
And above all there was the wildly
desperate supposition that Prince All
Jaibel of Calcutta, and Christopher McRay, erstwhile officer in the English
army, had met before, and that their ives were in some strange way inter-

sources.

If Jimmy had followed the mysterious stranger who had been admitted to Ali's presence into that gloomy house to which we were bound, it is just possible that the story I write might be far different.

that the story and the ferent.

The East Indian hurried up to an unfurnished room on the floor of which a group of his compatriots were sitting smoking and quietly discussing the plans to which the unswerving patience of their pitless faith had bound them. This was their watchword: "Buddhs will be avenged tonight. What Shars Ali, Rajo Jaibel of Calcutta, seeks shall be ours again. Buddha will be avenged."

A Strange Existence.

A Strange Existence.

Twenty-five years before a young officer of the British army in India married a beautiful young girl who came out from home to be his bride.

There was nothing in all the world he was not ready to win for her and lay as tribute at her feet.

The girl found life in the little station where her young husband was in command of a troop of cavalry humdrum enough except as she interested herself in all the strange phases of East Indian life.

One day the young captain took her to view the inside of a queer little stone to view the inside of a queer little stone to which excited her curiosity. It was a stone-walled room with a stone allow the later of the desecuator in the window and entered the house of the suburbs. Ali's knife had made an orifice between the window and entered the house of the security is allowed and then All himself had pushed open the window and entered the house of his enemy—the house of the desecuator of Puddhe's elter.

with my one great motion, "Love make the world got round."

**Profit interactions, "It was beautiful to a broad and the second profit of the second profit o

in conquest seemed an alien to the East Indian. The priest was young and hot-blooded. He drew a knife and threatened the captain.

Then the hot-blooded young Englishman tore his revolver from its holster in self-defense and in attempting to strike the knife from the priest's hand he brought down the heavy butt on the Indian's head. The priest fell senseless before the altar of Buddha.

For a moment fright held the Englishman chained to the spot. Then the knowledge of how he had offended the priest caste terrified him for a moment and he started to make his escape. But there was a dare-devil streak in his blood.

He had offended—and to no purpose. His bride's happiness was no nearer. Her desire was still unfulfilled and her husband, in striking one Brahmin before the altar of his gods, had won the hatred of the wohle Brahmin caste.

caste.

The young captain stooped over the

senseless body of the priest and seized the squat black figure of Buddha. In the flickering light he almost fancied that it looked at him with an evil

The young English captain sped home to his bride with the stolen idol. He had given his beloved what she desired —and that was the end of the story, he thought.
Silence in the Temple of Buddha, And Silence in the Temple of Buddha. And then—perhaps it was a vision of the young priest's distorted mind, perhaps the mystery of the East holds some strange possibilities which we of the West can never understand—but suddenly a queer radiance lit the empty altar, and lo! Buddha himself stood upon it and then stepped slowly to the ground.

ground. He lifted the knife which had fallen

He lifted the knife which had fallen from the young priest's nerveless hand and held it out to his votary. Slowly the Brahmin raised his head, took the knife, and then the vision of Buddha faded from his eyes.

But the young priest knew his duty—Buddha must be avenged. The god had given his command.

And if Jimmy Barton had stood outside of the house to which he had followed the mysterious East Indian he would have heard the story of the theft of Buddha told by the young priest him-

of Buddha told by the young priest himself.

For Ali Jaibel, Rajo of Calcutta, was
the priest, and Christopher McRay the
Englishman on whom Buddha had commanded him to take vengeance.

When Jimmy and I found the deserted house where, just that afternoon
All had told his followers the story, it
stood silent and forbidding.

We found the door open. Quietly we
crept in through the dark entrance hall.
Jimmy led the way up a narrow flight Jimmy led the way up a narrow flight of stairs. Beneath one door we saw a betraying crack of light. That must be the meeting place of the East In-

because of it he had been unwilling to let Dorothy marry.

Because of his haunting fear—his head cause of his haunting fear—his heads of the had dend Dorothy first thut to dead los—he had dend Dorothy first that to the had been evident to Mahmud waiting outside for his master, at the dorothy of the had been evident to Mahmud waiting outside for his master, at the dorothy of the

To you forget your master? It was he who went in search of the god," said Mahmud, and his smile became more evil.

"Where, then, is All Jaibel?" As the Indians moaned the words they sounded like a chant—a dirge of evil.

"Where Was Ali Jaibel? As the Where Was Ali Jaibel?"

There was a moment of breathless stiliness while I waited for the answer. Where was All Jaibel? Perhaps even now he was creeping up through the dark house with the figure of the Stone God held above him as a talisman. Who knew what his fanatical belief might to the room was quite bare and seemed fickering a sign of welcome to me.

And just as I stepped to the threshold and safety strong arms muffed me. The man who had found us at the keyhole had betrayed us to the enemy and was preventing me from flight. He dragged me up the stairs again and thrust me roughly into the room. The Indians were sitting in a circle as if for some council ceremonial.

Jimmy stood at one side of the room. One gas jet flickered in the darkness. The room was quite bare and seemed strangely cut off from the world. It had one window and the door by which I had entered. It seemed remote from all modern civilization—a part of the now he was creeping up through the dark house with the figure of the Stone God held above him as a talisman. Who knew what his fanatical belief might not make him do? And I realized that Jimmy and I were the only witnesses who could prove that Ponald Jordan was not a murderer—that even if Portothy nad lost a father she had not by a hideous stroke of cruelty lost a lover, too, since that lover was her father's murderer—and branded with the mark of Cain.

"Where, then, is All Jaibel?" spoke Mahmud bitterly. "Remember that I

"Where, then, is All Jaibel?" spoke Mahmud bitterly, "Remember that I stood outside the window, helpless to interfere, and that what came to pass happened quickly. He spurned the dying man with his foot and opened the doors of the vault—first the outer ones. I looked and there on an altar stood Buddha. Even that cursed Englishman must build an altar to Buddha!

"And then, in a flash, as he pulled open wide those inner doors, I saw a heavy service revolver such as the dogs. interfere, and that what came to pass happened quickly. He sourned the dying man with his foot and opened the doors of the vault—first the outer ones. I looked and there on an altar stood Buddha. Even that cursed Englishman must build an altar to Buddha!

"And then, in a flash, as he pulled open wide those inner doors. I saw a heavy service revolver such as the doors of English use. It was caught back upon the framework on the altar where Buddha stood. When the doors were Quened wide a wire fastened to it would pull back the trigger. I screamed, but it was too late. Our master All fell dead."

There was a moment of slience.

And then a shout went up. "But the was too late. Our master All fell dead."

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And then in a flash, as he pulled up his hand for silence dead woman. "I guess there's no need for us any more." said the detective when Jimmy around her needing Miss fairfax now." The fell us anything you don't will be published in the possession of Dorothy McRay—and the ladians did not propose that their god should be ladiant pr

The swarthy Buddists sat in a circle and talked a strange jargon—a dialect which seemed formless and wordless to me. I knew Jimmy was master of many

"Do you understand?" I muttered.
Jimmy shook his head. "No. I got
my college degree on insufficient evidence," said he. "Silence!" commanded one of the Intians, angrily.

of what avail were warmth and com fort? Dorothy McRay needed us and we were not free to go to her. I did not guess that the Indians were menacing more than our freedom-out

very lives.

"Listen, American man, and listen, too, white memsahib, since your men admit women to their council fires," said Mahmud, "Shara Ali Jaibel, Rajo of Calcutta, gave his life for a great cause—it shall not be in vain. Do you understand?"

"No." said limmy. "Law your cards."

cause—It shall not be in vain. Do you understand?"

"No," said Jimmy, "Lay your cards on the table. Talk English. No diplomatic palaver—tell us just what you intend."

"It shall be as you wish." said Mahmud. "All died for Buddha. Twenty-five years of his life he gave to planning how he should save Buddha from the infidels—an Englishman has died and his life paid for the sacrilege of his theft. That is not enough.

"All died, too. He must be avenged—and Buddha must be returned to the stone altar which waits for its god. The dead Englishman reached out from beyond the grave to kill All. All shall reach out beyond the grave in his turn.

"We go to take the Buddha—and the life of Sahib McRay's daughter. The little white memsahib shall die. Now is it clear? Now do you see the cards on the table?"

Jimmy leaped toward the sneering Fast ludies.

Jimmy leaped toward the sneering East Indian. "Before heaven, you can't do a thing like that—this isn't Calcutta;

do a thing like that—this isn't Calcutta; it isn't your underground caste-ridden India. It's America. There's such a thing as law and order. McRay's dead and All's dead.

"All right—that evens things up. We'll go out there with you and get the Buddha. The girl has no right to it. She'll return it—and they need us right away as witnesses to prove that an innocent man didn't k'll her father. I've got a a taxi outside; come along." The East Indian smiled at Jimmy's jainty masterfulness.

'You and your memsahib will never ride in a taxi again!"

"Will you let the white memsahib speak?" I asked.

"Speak before, you die!" said Mahmud in a voice which even then in that moment of doom I feli no place anywhere in the world except in a comic opera with a libretto by George Ade.

A great deal depended on that permission. If Mahmud had refused I

As we came up the path leading to the house. I heard a voice speaking with quiet emphasis: "I'll have to arrest you. I'll have to arrest you. I'll have to arrest you on a charge of murder."

Donald Jordan, protesting vigorously the while, was seized by a detective who was leading him grimly away.

Jimmy and I were rushing up the path to bear witness for the innocent young lawyer. Jimmy was an incongruous enough figure in his turban and the robes which beilled and eddled and gave eccentric visions of the trousered legs beneath them.

Jimmy Barton certainly did not look like a heaven-sent messenger; but I am sure Dorothy McRay thought that he was when he cried out dramatically: "The murderer of Mr. McRay is in the vault."

He crossed over to the heavy steel door of the great vault and threw it house. I heard a voice speaking with quiet emphasis: "I'll have to arrest